

The Black Arrow

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Major Robert S. Blackford, a retired army officer, dies at his country place near Washington and leaves a young girl, his daughter, and her only child, a young girl. A letter directed to the lawyer, Mr. Alexander, and the location of the money will be found in an envelope marked with a black arrow, which is hidden in the library. Mrs. Alexander's nephew finds the letter and, disappointed because he has received nothing from his great-uncle, destroys the paper. Before doing so he learns that the real description of the hiding place is concealed in a gold locket belonging to his cousin, Bessie Alexander. Robert Singleton, son of the lawyer, is engaged by his father to find the money. A letter has been found in the book referred to by the major. It is marked with a black arrow and contains instructions to look about the streets of Washington on the following Monday morning for four envelopes marked in the same peculiar manner. The contents of these letters will disclose the true hiding place. They are to be hidden by an agent of Major Blackford, who does not understand the significance of his work. The lawyer believes this letter to be the one referred to by his client and asks his son to engage in the search. The young man agrees to do so if his father will introduce him to the family as a detective, and an arrangement is made for him to call at the residence on Massachusetts Avenue to meet his father and go over the situation with them and his father. He learns that an attempt has been made to chloroform Miss Alexander, apparently with the object of robbing her. The first lot of clues do not lead him to the money, but to the fact that one of the envelopes has become mutilated.

Robert Singleton determines to capture the man who is distributing the envelopes. He succeeds in surprising him in the act of placing one in the grounds of the Capitol, but is accidentally injured in a fight with the unknown. He makes an arrangement with the detective force to apprehend the man on the following Monday morning.

Young Blackford, in the meantime, forms a scheme to rob his cousin with the assistance of an acquaintance named Steve. The Alexanders have learned that Robert Singleton is the man they supposed to be a detective.

Miss Alexander is attacked on her way home from church. Singleton is following her, and arrives in time to save her from the two men. Blackford, however, is wounded, and Steve is killed. Blackford goes away, and Steve is killed. Blackford goes away, and Steve is killed. Blackford goes away, and Steve is killed.

CHAPTER XII.

It sometimes happens that the solution of a problem occurs to the mind when it is not actively engaged in pondering upon it. Whether this is the result of a subconscious process of reasoning that is not needed by a person interested in the affair, or a flash of inspiration that is equal to the best, is a question for psychologists to answer, but it is a phenomenon of frequent occurrence and often the subject of comment.

Robert Singleton had spent weeks in a determined effort to explain to his own satisfaction the mysterious conduct of the distributor of Black Arrow envelopes. That there was some real reason for such remarkable methods he felt no doubt. At the time of the first attempt to rob Miss Alexander he had suspected that some connection existed between that attempt and the trailing of false clues, but he could not understand the connection. Since the attack upon her on the night he was wounded, he had not given much thought to the matter. He had been too weak to think connectedly and the effort worried him.

One morning, without any consciousness of mental effort, the explanation stood before his eyes so clearly that he was startled at his extreme drowsiness in not seeing it sooner. He lay back upon the couch to which he had been removed by permission of the physician, and he decided in his discovery. Now that he had the key to the puzzle it was an easy matter to reflect upon the many little incidents that had been unaccountable and see a motive for all of them.

He was putting the happenings of the past few weeks into regular order when applying his explanation to them when Miss Alexander came into the room. As she spoke to him he noticed a slender gold chain about her throat and found a confirmation of his conviction. It was necessary to the line of arguments he had built up that the girl should have some object about her person of sufficient value for one reason or another to cause a desperate man to take the chances her assailant had to secure the prize.

"Would you mind telling me what that ornament is you are wearing about your neck?" he asked.

"Certainly not," replied the girl. "It is a gold locket. But why do you ask?"

"Because it explains something to me that I have never been able to understand," said Singleton. "Unless I am very much mistaken you always wear it."

"Why, how did you know that?" she asked with surprise.

"Merely a guess," said Singleton. "But I am going to state some facts, and I want you to correct me if I get them wrong. In the first place, that locket was either given you by your grandfather, or he knew that you always wore it. Secondly, you do not remove it when you retire, but wear it constantly, and never allow it to go out of your possession. As a third guess I should say that your cousin has mentioned the locket to you more than once, and has probably tried to get it into his possession on some ground or another. Am I right?"

"Absolutely," said Miss Alexander. "How do you know all that? Did mother tell you or are you a wizard?" said Singleton. "No to both questions," said Singleton. "But what I say is along the lines of a theory that I have formed. If I had been wrong in any one detail my whole hypothesis would have fallen down, and I would have been very much disappointed. As it is, unless I am very much mistaken, I can soon tell you where your grandfather's money is concealed. Moreover, I can also tell you that it is still where he placed it. There has been no robbery so far."

"There is one more question and a request. Are you willing to let me examine the locket? If you are, I wish you would remove it so that I can look at it very closely."

The girl removed the chain and locket from her neck and handed it to him. He examined it intently, but found no spring that would open it. Still he had expected that there was some secret fastening that would escape casual observation, and went over it carefully to disclose the secret. After repeated failures he thought of the little book that connected it with the chain. To his great satisfaction he succeeded in unscrewing it, and in the center of the tiny rod he found a smaller rod which gave way beneath the pressure of his finger, and the locket sprang open disclosing a folded paper that was very thin and just fitted into the cavity. He unfolded the paper and read it aloud:

"Go to the library of the House in Washington," it said, "and count to the fifth compartment of the bookshelves along the walls to the left of the entrance from the dining-room. Near

A Fascinating Detective Story Which Points to the Location of Money Actually Hidden About the Streets of Washington.

In Today's Installment Are Clues to \$100.

If You Find It, It's Yours

EXPLANATION OF PLAN

In today's installment of the story are clues to the location of \$100—divided into four amounts—so placed that everyone will have equal opportunity to get them.

The money is contained in envelopes, each marked with a broad black arrow.

The money will not be available until the times specified in the clues.

No employee of The Times or member of his family is eligible in the hunt.

No person who has found one of the sums is eligible in the hunt thereafter.

the center of the wall back of that there is a button concealed behind the wall paper. You will have to locate it by feeling along with the tip of one finger. When the button is pressed the compartment will swing back disclosing a vault built into the wall. The door of the vault is closed with a combination lock, and the combination is 17, 48, 23, 59, 28. Inside will be found a considerable sum of money and a large number of United States bonds, together with all my valuable papers and other securities. The entire fortune is to be held in trust by my daughter during her life and at her death is to go to my granddaughters. Should she marry before the death of her mother she is to receive one-half of the income from the bonds and other securities. I trust that my method of securing my personal fortune will be adopted by those to whom I bequeath it."

"How did you know that paper was in the locket?" asked the girl. "I have worn it for months and never suspected the secret. I remember now that my grandfather cautioned me particularly never to allow it to go out of my possession, but I did not connect that with a hiding place for his secret. What made you think the description of the vault would be in the locket?"

"I stumbled on the explanation by chance," said Singleton. "I was lying here half asleep when I happened to think of the coincidence of the two attacks upon you. It occurred to me in a moment that you must have some ornament about you that would hold the true clue to the money. I knew some time ago that the man hiding the black arrows was only trying to throw me off the track. It struck me that he must be playing for time while he tried to find the money. Of course, he knew about the locket and that was the explanation of his two attempts to rob you."

"Why did you ask me if my cousin had ever tried to get possession of the locket?" asked the girl. "I want you to be perfectly frank with me; do you suspect him of being concerned in the affair of the other night?"

"I am sorry to say that I do," said Singleton. "He is the only one who could possibly have had information that neither you nor your mother possessed and more than that I feel confident that I recognized him during the fight. Has he been here since?"

"No," she answered. "He has probably left town. The fact that he disappeared so suddenly immediately after the attempt to rob me caused me to think that he might be guilty and that is the reason I was not very much surprised to hear you say that you suspected him. And I have another reason."

"He has not left town," said Singleton. "I mean he wrote it. It is not signed and is another of the Black Arrow type, but although the writing is disguised, I recognize it as his. I have seen some letters that he wrote and the writing is unmistakably the same. This one was written a few days ago and mislaid at my rooms. You can see for yourself that it is his writing."

The letter was scribbled in pencil on a half piece of letter paper and the writing slanted backward.

"One will be hid," it said, "in the southeast section of the city on a street the name of which is one-third of the number of years that a man must attain before exercising the right of suffrage. It will be hidden at a point between the intersection of this street by a second street that has the name of a symbol used on scholars' reports in the Washington public schools to indicate the second highest standing in studies, and the point where it is crossed by a third street that is named for the first letter in the word which means the stronger sex. It will be hidden early Monday morning."

"I wonder how he knew that the secret was hidden in the locket," said Singleton. "What was the information contained in the will?"

"He was present when the will was read," she replied. "It merely referred to a description of the hiding place of the money which we found next day in the library. That was the first letter that referred to the hiding of envelopes about the streets. And, I remember now that he was the one who suggested waiting until the next morning to look for the paper. Undoubtedly he wanted to read it before anyone else."

"Yes, and he undoubtedly forged the letter that you found next morning."

"It is very likely," she agreed. "Since then he has probably been trying to get the locket away from me while he was leaving those envelopes around the city. I agreed with him that night that it would be best to wait for morning. But for that there would have been none of this difficulty and delay."

"But, if there hadn't been difficulty I should not have become concerned in the case, and might never have met you. It has been most fortunate for me."

"There is something else I forgot to tell you," she said, hurriedly, not waiting for him to continue. "I told you I had another reason for suspecting my cousin. I went into his room today to use a blotting pad on his desk. I carried it into my own room, and in using it a letter dropped out. It was typed, and the first line attracted my attention. I could tell that it was not a personal letter nor, indeed, a letter. I read it out of curiosity, and found that it was just such a scroll as those you have been getting. Your father showed us some that you had received, so I knew that this was one of them. I thought that possibly it was one that had been sent to you which my cousin had been shown by your father, but after you told me that you suspected him I decided that it was one he had written

to you and failed to send or destroy."

She handed it to him and he read it aloud.

"One envelope will be mailed to a man in care of the General Delivery of the city postoffice, and will, of course, be given to the first person who asks for a letter addressed to that man. The name of the man is given in the charade below. His surname contains twice as many letters as his given name:

My first is in face,
My second in vase,
My third is in winter's cold rain.

My fourth is in gas,
My fifth is in pass,
My sixth in "Black Arrow" quite plain.

My seventh in danger,
My eighth in the manger,
My ninth is found singly in trees.

The whole is a name.
And when used takes the trick with great ease.

"No," he said, "that one never reached me. That clinches the proof, but it was not needed to implicate him. I wonder how long he thought he could keep it up. He must have supposed me a fool to be taken in with such a clumsy scheme. But we are forgetting the vault. Don't you want that opened?"

"Not until you are stronger?" she replied. "I will tell my mother that we have discovered the secret, and in a few days we will all go together and find the hidden button. I think your father should be present when it is opened and take care of the valuables."

"Isn't you afraid of another delay?" asked Singleton. "How do you know I won't become afflicted with a desire to run off with the treasure?"

"I don't think you would run very far from here," she observed smiling.

"You mean that I wouldn't leave?" he commenced eagerly, with a quickening of his pulse.

"I mean, of course, that you are too weak to go far in the present condition of your health, she interrupted with a demure look. But she did not continue the conversation, and left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Blackford had not left town and the reason was quite simple. In the attempt to secure the locket, which had been a forlorn hope, he had staked everything on a turn of fortune and lost. By adding murder to his other crimes he had not improved the situation he was in, which was rapidly becoming desperate.

When the first snow of 1904 fell and telegraphic communications were interrupted to such an extent that a Chicago man sent a message around the world in order to reach New York city, many persons marveled at the damage wrought, because the wind did not appear to be extraordinarily high and the snow was not of the heavy variety.

The prostration of many miles of poles and wires is explained on the theory of harmony in vibration. Assistant Superintendent Herbert Smith, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, of Brooklyn, recently described the remarkable antics of these vibrations.

Mr. Smith said that in every breakable substance there is an inherent tone that responds to certain vibrations. When the vibrations are attuned to that inherent note, the substance breaks, if it is easily broken.

For instance, a scientific demonstrator will take a violin and sound its strings up and down the scale until he finally strikes the one in tune with the breaking note of the mirror, with the result that the mirror is shattered to pieces.

It is that same response to vibration that breaks the telegraph poles, although the vibration operates in more substantial manner. Mr. Smith says that every telegraph pole has a breaking point represented by a certain note or tone, or moment, which will respond to vibrations in unison with it.

For instance, there are fifty telegraph poles stretching across an open plain. Every pole is twelve inches in diameter at the largest point, and is capable of withstanding a direct strain of 1,000 pounds. The wind that is blowing exerts a direct force of only 20 pounds, just one-fifth the strain necessary to break the pole. So long as the wind blows straight on, the poles stand unharmed. But when the wind begins to blow weaker and stronger with regular alternation, the strain on the poles increases, and when the vibrations reach a point in unison with the moment, or note representing the breaking point in the poles, the poles give way, and the telegraph linemen have to get busy.

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GRETNNA GREEN ABOLISHED

A POLITICAL lame duck, who persons think, is deserving of the attention of President Roosevelt, is Squire Willard O. Bailes, of York county, South Carolina. He has been "fired" by Governor Heyward for encouraging matrimony.

What got the squire into trouble was the distribution of handbills and circulars advertising his matrimonial arrangements. Here is a type of the circulars he has been spreading broadcast:

"Call upon and visit the home of Squire Willard O. Bailes on your bridal tour to get married."

"THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PHILANTHROPIST AND PROFESSIONAL NUPTIALIST."

"His marriage fees are as follows: To all those over 50 years of age...Free To all those of marriageable age and not able to pay...Free To all ministers and brethren...Free To all South Carolinians from over a distance of twenty miles...Free

"EVERYBODY GET MARRIED."

"Regular colored people's price...\$1.00 To all unable white people...1.00 To all able aristocrats on tons...2.00 To all complimentary fee received very often...5.00 To all regular secret marriages always...10.00 To all regular rich man's price never under...20.00 To all regular millionaires' price anything exceeding...100.00

Livery Accommodations Provided.

"Also the accommodation of a livery at your service, and all parties by rail on short notice and taken from and to the depot, Pineville, N. C., the nearest point to South Carolina, along the Southern Railway, one mile from Squire Bailes, free of charge. Also the erection or completion of a private telephone line now shortly with a telephone office and rural delivery will give you all the facilities of communication with the squire privately. The maximum of being married by this man nowadays has aspiringly become famous. The quietness of a noted ideal home, and an up-to-date large residence, the latch string of which hangs ever on the outside, supplied with fine water, simulates his genial hospitality. Squire Bailes believes in making friends and in keeping within touch of the 'Golden Rule,' and virtue by marriage, which, like love itself, hides a multitude of faults. Therefore, it must be conceded normally that I not only make a host of friends, and possibly may be the most well-known marrying man known of in all your knowledge, and marry more people than any one man you read about, but I am a great deal of a great deal of good, since my record shows that I marry an average of 35 people a year. Why not? It is a debt we owe old South Carolina for her 'liberty,' and more people get married in South Carolina, may God bless her, to her population, than any other State in the Union. Is it not an honor, then, that we owe to Squire Bailes and his mother country for our liberty and free license, his philanthropy and genial hospitality.

Call and see me, I am not hard to find. My ceremony is easy, but binding and treatment kind. I am situated most conveniently on the Eleventh miles directly south of Charlotte, and, as stated, find Me one mile west of Pineville, North Carolina.

A Matrimonial Psalm.

Tell me not in idle jingle Marriage is an empty dream. For the girl is dead that's single, And things are not as they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest, Single blessedness a rib; "Man thou art as man returneth," Hath not been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow Are our destined end or way; But to act that each tomorrow Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is short and youth is fleeting, And our hearts though light and gay, Still like pleasant dreams are beating Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle, Be a hero and a wife.

Lives of married folks remind us We can make our lives as well, And departing leave behind us Such examples as shall "tell."

Such examples that another Wasting life in idle sport, A forlorn, unmarried brother, Seeing shall take heart and court.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart on triumph set, Still contriving still pursuing, And each one a husband get.

A Thing of the Past.

It was nothing unusual to see a dozen persons get married at Squire Bailes' any Sunday, but this Grettna Green is a thing of the past, brought to an abrupt end by the governor of the State, who explains his action in the following language:

"Yesterday there was presented to the governor certain literature which Mr. Bailes is circulating generally, which the governor believes absolutely detrimental to the good of society. A perusal of the literature shows a most ridiculous and absurd view of the duties of a notary public in reference to the marriage ceremony. An officer with the conception of the duties as exercised by this officer clearly falls within the purview of section 62 of the code of laws of 1902, which authorizes the governor to remove at his pleasure a notary public for the reason, as already stated, that such conduct is a menace to social organization."

HEROISM OF RUSSIAN NURSES.

The bravery of the Russian Red Cross nurses is vividly illustrated by the following letter from a soldier:

"While the fight (Tschichao) was going on, our wounded were being carried off to the field hospital. Three women went right into the firing line, and I can tell you, compared with our men who were frightened at their first fight, they seemed like angels who feared nothing. When I got hit I lay on my back, thinking every minute, 'Now I am dead.' A beautiful lady came up and gave me water, saying, 'Bledn' (poor fellow). A Jap (shell burst) not ten yards off, and a piece went through her skirt, but she seemed no more frightened than if it was a stone. One woman stood quite close to the trench while the Japs were tearing on at us, but she stood there, though I tell you bullets were flying, until the Japs drew off, and then came into the trench and helped the poor men. One man groaned and cried, and seeing he was only a boy, she said, 'Now, don't cry, and you will have a kiss.'"

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